

PROSPECTS.

1850

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HILLS IN FIFE

BY GEORGE WALLACE, ESQ.

EDINBURGH

PRINTED FOR BELL AND BROTHERS

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FROM



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By GEORGE WALLACE, Esq.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR BELL AND BRADFUTE.

1796.

ADVERTISMENT

BY THE

EDITOR.

PROSPECTS FROM HILLS IN FIVE were mostly composed many years ago to afford their Author an occasional relief from the anxiety and the vexations of a profession very remote from Poetry. Forty copies of a large portion of this poem, having been privately printed, without any view to publication, under the title of Fragments of a Prospect from a Hill in Fife, were presented to a select few, distinguished by taste and by talents. Several of those copies, from the death of the persons to whom they had been sent, and from other accidents, had got into the world. Some of the lines were lately discovered to have been already inserted in a local work, mingled too without any distinctive mark among others written by a different hand. And as care was given to apprehend that an edition, done from that originally committed to the press, might soon make its appearance, a gentleman, to whose disposal they had been resigned in confidence, was induced, out of regard to a friend,

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to whom a long acquaintance attached him with much warmth, to publish an impression executed under his own inspection, rather than permit one to be produced by another in an incorrect form.

The merit or demerit of poetical compositions depends not on the great or small number of lines of which they consist. Beautiful imagery, tender sentiment, strong description, harmonious versification; excellencies, which, as well as deep thought or just observation, may be found both in short and in long poems; constitute their chief recommendations. The Editor, conscious of partiality, feels himself incompetent to pronounce, whether the following verses possess any of those qualities: Of that matter others must judge. He will not even point out the various styles attempted in them. Persuaded that no person will find his heart become worse by reading them, he shall observe only on the Title, (on which an alteration is here made,) that almost any object may be brought by art, without intrusion, into a Prospect; and as many, which might naturally, from vicinity, from resemblance, from connexion, or from story, have been introduced, but which have not been mentioned, may present themselves to fertile imaginations acquainted with the intended scene, and of consequence be felt perhaps to be omissions, almost any production, bearing this or a similar title, may seem defective. But a latitude is rightly allowed to painters; and instead of being

bound

to whom a long acquaintance attached him with much
 and scrupulously to adhere to reality, they are often
 tempted to diminish an impression excited under his own
 eye, for embellishment both to omit and to add to
 inspection, rather than permit the to be produced by
 nature. Every part however, into which any work is

divided, may commonly be rendered by care complete
 in itself; and attention has here been bestowed on for-
 ming each section, as much as possible, into an entire
 whole.

An able king, and, what is something superior, a good
 poet say, *La critique est aisée, & l'art est difficile* *;
 Remarks, criticisms, sneers, are easy; art, execution,
 composition, especially poetry, is difficult.

* *L'Apologie des Rois. Epître, A Duguet; entre Les Oeuvres de*
Monsieur de Saint-Simon. He has also said, "The

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PROSPECTS.

PROSPECT I.

*Top of the Hill from which the Prospect is taken—Content of
birds—Charms of the Country—Their dominion over the
passage—Subject proposed—The extent, richness, and va-
riety of the Prospect.*

HERE, on the breezy summit, let me rest
Amid the rustic furze, the scented brooms,
And mingling flocks, that, scatter'd o'er the hill,
Or browse in innocence the tender herb,
Or harmless gaze. Their music, wildly sweet,
From rock to rock, harmonious, which resounds,
According with the tuneful linnet's voice,
The lark's mellifluous strains, the blackbird's pipe
Sonorous, and the thrush's various song,
The stockdove's plaint, and rook's affecting caw,
Composes man into a pensive mood,
And lulls each angry passion to repose.
The country's charms, resistless, touch the heart,
And with their own serenity inspire
The pure ingenuous mind, by Nature form'd
To relish calm sincere refined delights.

B

Ambition's

Ambition's self, that lords it o'er mankind;
 If haply cloyed with form and show and state,
 He find successful with a chosen few,
 Or unsuccessful fly in lone chagrin,
 From bus'ness, noise, the town, and public haunts;
 Astonish'd, feels and wonders at their power;
 Envy's obscurity and rural peate;
 And, durst he, would abandon all his pride,
 To roam the woods, or tread the lonely dale,
 Or climb the mountain, and survey with me
 Some rich extensive variegated scene,
 Like that before me, spreading far around.——

PROSPECT II

*Address to the neighbouring fields—People at work in them—
 Meadows, watered by brooks, and enamelled with flowers—
 Cattle grazing—Sheep pasturing—Lambs sporting—
 Goats browsing among the rocks—Pimpernel—Milking of
 the Cow—Horses playing their gambols—Household fowls
 —Foe of Love—Cocks fighting—Folly of War—Mills—
 Winnowers—Peace and Falaise—Happiness inspired by a
 view of them—Thunfer.*

——Y's pleasant fields, in which, the early morn
 Of springing life, my heedless boyhood played,

To

To thought a stranger, and to care unknown !
 Ah blissful seats of temperance and health !
 Ye chaste abodes, delightful Prospects, hail !
 And all ye silvan Powers ! How gladly I
 Revise ye ; your grateful conquests taste
 And limpid air, refreshful to my sense
 And soul, as to my parched limbs erewhile
 Th' untainted waters of the Teath or Earn,
 Perennial, from their liquid urns that gush,
 Unceasing, with their prattling tongues to cheer
 The useful labours of the neighbouring swains.
 Ye simple peasants, happy mortals, hail !
 Who, with Tranquillity abiding, here
 In quiet sanctuary, remote from strife,
 Enjoy a life, unenvied, tho' divine *.

The plains below, diversified by woods,
 Inclosures, buildings, gardens, spires, and lakes,
 Are clothed with pastures, flocks, and herds, and corn.
 The plowman whistling to his patient yokes,
 And harrows trailing o'er the fallowed tilth ;
 The woodman chanting to his lonely toil,
 And wheelwright bending o'er his sturdy work ;
 The gard'ner busy at his hoe and rake,
 His sleeves of linen and his apron blue ;
 The oxen feeding in retired vale,
 And sheep responsive to the shepherd's horn ;

Add

Add life and motion to the blended scene.
 Romantic dingles and extended dale
 The wandering brooks in glist'ring currents trace;
 The meadows, water'd by their nursing springs,
 Irrigous, smile, and from their teeming womb
 The deep green grass and yellow trefoil pour,
 With herbs and plants and flowers of every hue;
 The golden faxifrage, the maiden pink,
 The starry centory, the tufted vetch,
 And scented marjoram, and red birdseye,
 With healing camomile, and meadowsweet
 To weary traveller refreshing, who,
 Its wafted fragrance met, in desert rude,
 On cedar plume of whispering zephyr born,
 Beside Castalian rill, delighted, checks
 His course, and quaffs its elegant perfume,

On hillocks gay, the playful lambskins fight
 Their combats bloodless, or disporting leap;
 Their wanton capers and their comic bounds
 Attemper'd, gleeful, to the simple tones
 Of oaten reed, whose past'ral quires, applied
 Around, the fleecy-sprinkled verdure o'er
 Diffuse their sweetness, and improve its smiles,

The trembling bushes see and with'ring ferns
 Among, the beck'ning kids, with busy mouth,
 Outstretch'd and rustling, crop the fav'ry twigs,

Ther

Their wild tales telling to the thoughtful rocks;
 Whose fractur'd clefts upon and slipp'ry verge,
 O'ergrown with black thorn and with roses pale,
 The mothers, each, in solitude retired
 Unsocial, on the giddy point, apart,
 Their pendent station taken, scarlets hang,
 And, wholesome dinner made of chosen herbs
 Medicinal, their lacteous goblets fill
 With nectar'd draughts of health-restoring cream.

The gentle heifers, pasturing unconfin'd,
 Across the green herbaceous, slowly stray,
 Or homeward step before their guileless clown,
 Taught by the pimpernel *, his simple clock,
 By Nature fram'd and in her common set,
 In blue and scarlet flowers, at measur'd hours,
 That opes and shuts, predictive, to the sun,
 Of foul, of fair, and of the times, to warn
 Herdsman unlearn'd ;—He, with a parent's care,
 And much discourse, familiar, intermix'd,
 In speech uncouth and rough to Oxford ear,
 His gather'd charge, obsequious, drives along,
 To pale-made shed, their often-trodden way ;
 Their swollen udders swinging † as they go.
 About the master's court, arranged, they stand,
 Their precious stores impatient to resign,
 And coming tell, importunate ; and low ;
 Their dropping teats with streams delicious charged,

* Deben.

† Milton.

That

That rural odours breathe; the milkmaid's hand
 Inviting, all. And far, with rosy cheek
 And bosom bare, in jacket white and trim,
 Her empty pail upon her haunch sustain'd
 And lussy arm about its handle cast,
 The blithesome PULLUS comes. Her friendly call,
 Well pleas'd they hear; their ready necks apply,
 Spontaneous, to the posts; and, grateful, yield
 In rich and copious flowing tides their milk
 To those whose toiling hands, with justest care,
 Supply their food, well earn'd. Ye placid kine,
 Fear not, ye harmless creatures; no: These ropes
 Are not prepar'd the instruments of death,
 To bind you victims destin'd to the stake,
 With streaming blood to glet ensanguin'd man,
 And stuff his maw, voracious, with your loins;
 But temporary ties, and soft, of straw
 Loosely combined, a moment to restrain
 You, heedless, that your vessels, overspill'd
 And strain'd, may sooner find their wish'd relief,
 That load, to you now painful to retain,
 Discharged, your bands will instant be releas'd;
 And ye, your custom'd tribute paid, again
 Your grassy fields at liberty shall roam,
 Depascent; sip at will your wonted springs;
 And, peaceful, ruminate reclined at ease,
 Or, undisturb'd, indulge in soft repose.

Amos

Around, the neighing steeds and youthful colts
 In chearful voice their pleasant pastures hold,
 Tho' rude, significant; and kindness speak
 In many a fond affectionate embrace.
 See, for them now retreat, and now pursue,
 This way and that, in various mirth convolv'd,
 Rebounding, circling, flying, prancing, all,
 In social troops their frolic gambols play.

Forth, from the thatched hut and straw-laid nest,
 Her useful office heedfully perform'd,
 The hen, oviparous, her sonnet lifts,
 Proclaimant loudly of maternal joy;
 Or, with the fondness of a mother's soul,
 Defends, instructs, and leads her infant brood,
 And clothes them, cherish'd, with her matting wings.

In midst his fond and simple dames, unknown
 To racking jealousy's tormenting doubt,
 With glossy plumage and with gorgeous tail
 The fultan cock, of keenly-piercing eye
 And ear erected, circumspicient, struts,
 Majestical, with lifted step and slow,
 From barn to barn: And oft his willing mates
 Behind him, straggling, rove; or, chucking, leer
 Aftance; and with their nimble talons scrape
 In search, attentive, looking for their meat.
 Love, selfish love, shares not with dearest friend
 Its boon, impartible.—With carking thoughts,

Corrosive

Corrosive of the husband's, lover's peace,
 And breast, affectionate, by absence torn,
 His strays, solicitous, he fondly seeks,
 Their devious guides, and cheers their ling'ring pace.
 But see; a rival there attempts his bounds:
 Instant, he darts, all fierceness, on his foe,
 His collar bristling, and his flashing eyes;
 And many a stroke, and many a spring they make;
 Their dropping feathers, and their crimson combs,
 And slender legs, run red with pouring blood;
 And sharp and corneous bills, and armed feet,
 And pointed spurs, and beating pinions, all
 To action brought, that in ignoble flight
 Or ends inglorious, or in glorious death:
 A fight between irrationals maintain'd,
 Mere animated lumps of brutish clay,
 Which sense and appetite alone impel,
 In piercing Wisdom's disabused eye,
 To justify more easy and defend
 Than many a slaughterous battle fought, and war
 Destructive waged, by reason-boasting man,
 Who oft, from senseless pride or idiot views,
 By daring governours is, barb'rous, forced
 His whetted steel to steep and parent soil
 In weltering lakes of unoffending gore.
 Man, cruel man, even harmless brutes, inspired
 With deadly hate, excites their cores to tear,
 And, for diversion mere, to maim and kill

Without or craft or guile; savage spirit!
 That gallant pair for fairest prize engaged
 And foremost object to the feeling heart.
 The victor, master of the field and fair,
 His wings, triumphant, claps, and stately trends
 The ground: And oft, with unexpected air,
 Amazing Silence in her still abode,
 He wakes his founding life from farm to farm.

But hear; the winnowers near the farmer's barn:
 The fanning breezes blow the empty chaff;
 And rustling grain, discharged in lofty heaps,
 Well-clasp'd and plump, the stout capacious silk
 By instant dainties and by forward hope
 Alas'd, the household fowls, advent'rous, steal
 Behind, and, unobserved, dare to peck
 Their little morsel from the copious store.

Amative, round succeeding round, behold
 The airy vanes in ceaseless circles fly.
 Its watchful strokes the active mill repeats,
 And dashing water pours its turbid song:
 About the door, content, the miller moves,
 Meal-white, and heedless of the rural sound;
 While every ridge and every cot proclaims
 Abounding fulness and the reign of Peace.
 Prospest delicious to a heart humane,
 Like Thomson, thine, that felt for human kind;

And from thy neighbour's happiness derived
 A bliss, an elegant, a purer bliss,
 Intenser in degree, of relish far
 More exquisite, than callous hollow breast,
 That selfish looks, afford'd, to self alone,
 Without benevolent or moral sight
 In wish or tincture, e'er perceiv'd or knew.——

PROSPECT III

*Autumn—His gifts—Scorch'd fruits—Gladness diffused by his
 munificence—Reflections on Plenty—Repopulation with
 those who grudge it—Labourers working on the highlands
 —Reapers—Threshers—Collectors.*

——AUTUMN in loose and flowing robes attired;
 His placid brow adorn'd with oaten spikes,
 And hazel locks with mignonette perfum'd,
 His breast with richest sprigs of cherries deck'd,
 His arms with bracelets cull'd from every bough,
 A stalk of currants holding in his hand,
 And basket bearing heap'd with fruits mature;
 Steps, white and pleas'd, across the waving fields,
 And crops luxuriant, which in early March
 The genial Powers and soft'ning gales of Spring,
 Prolific, shed; the blossom-dropping Rains,

THE

That flowers and verdure give, in warmer months,
 Nutritious, form'd; th' ambrosial Dew, from even hoar
 To morn distilling balm and freshness, fed;
 And rosy-footed Summer's plastic heat,
 Concoctive, rear'd to perfect growth; all, all
 To harvest mellowed by his ripening Sun.
 Serene, and fill'd with sympathetic joy,
 His gifts he views, and viewing sees them good;
 And with a lib'ral hand, munificent,
 Flings from his ample Amalthæan lap
 The ruddy strawberry, the fragrant rasp,
 Transparent gooseberry, and cooling guine *;
 The Orleans plum, th' imperial, and greengage;
 And flavoured spricoek, and gairish peach;
 The tempting original † in burnish'd gold,
 Of lively quickness and delightful smell;
 With noble liddingtons in sober gray;
 And mellow rubins, pears of plainest cast
 But richest juice, Airshire's peculiar boast.
 Along his precious boons, his Mildness moves
 Beneficent, and fills, himself regaled,
 The needy villager with humble joy.

* The common name of small black cherries in Scotland; probably derived from the French.

† The original and the Allington are the best apples produced in Scotland. I do not know the English names of them. The original, an abbreviation of original, perhaps is the apple termed by Lee, Adam's apple, or by Miller the aromatic pippin. The Allington is reported to have been brought from France into Scotland by Sir Richard Maitland.

The housewife plies at her busy wheel,
 And rock protesting of a cheerful life;
 The widow, mournful for her orphan'd babes,
 By hunger render'd clamorous for food;
 And early hind, that to his wonted past
 In rusty vestment plies his wonted way;
 Their gladden'd eyes thrown round the loaded heap,
 With thankful soul survey the golden grain,
 And hope with unambitious mind for bread,
 Their daily bread! on humble grateful wish!

And dar'st thou, marble-lusted witch, repine
 At Nature's bounty! Master doubly vile!
 Dar'st! wallowing in gay luxury?
 Indulging every wild and loose desire,
 In wasteful riot vaulting thee; thy lusts,
 Thy passions, vanity, my vice, sed;
 Invention's self exerting all her powers
 To find new pleasures to excite thy sense;
 Ah canst thou, canst, amid thy affluence, grudge
 The hard-wrought man a pittance of the fruits
 That his own hands, laborious, have produced!
 The ease, forsooth, the intervals of toil,
 Sabbaths of rest, or holidays of sport,
 E'er to him or indulged, or snatch'd by stealth,
 Incompetent relief! to fibres strain'd
 And hanging head, and to his sloping neck,

In mercy due) would do his country harm,
 Or that ! Inhuman false pretence, devised
 To gild the hardness of thy selfish heart,
 And varnish sentiments thou dar'st not own,
 To swerve, unfeeling swerve, or do or dare,
 Or worse, that creeps within thy frozen veins,
 To all the fire, the soft emotions dead,
 Depriv'dly, sadly, miserably dead,
 Of kindness, love, and pity so essential,
 'Tis pride, a brutal pride, that basely stoops
 At penury and want, insults distress,
 And, savage, finds delight in cruel grief,
 Jeopardy, and wretchedness, and pain,
 His feelings, passions, faculties, and nerves,
 Acute, and strong, and delicate, as thine,
 Dost not the lowly cottager retain
 A fair, a nat'ral right to security
 And rest, and idleness, as well as thou ?
 Those sweating labourers, by wolfish laws
 Compell'd, amidst incur'd decrepitude
 And shrivell'd age, upon the public road,
 In full parochial band, to work unpaid,
 Their ill-afforded days ; the reapers there,
 Who ply their mean, but useful, toils below,
 With bodies in a painful posture bent,
 Their tatter'd garments waving in the wind,
 And flickers casting fadden gleams of light,
 The patient thresher, that in lonely barn,

From

From the gray breaking of the dripping dawn
 To latest blush of eve, with circling sail,
 Stroke after stroke, beats out his lusty sheaves,
 The boulden slave, in crazy bucket launch'd,
 Who penic sinks into his hideous pit,
 Still fern a head above its yawning mouth,
 And hews, with fallen pick, his coals supine,
 In narrow cell, amidst Tartarean darkness, stretch'd,
 His dome the dismal bowels of the earth;
 The wither'd old, that, up the winding shaft,
 With trembling steps ascends her pithy way,
 Her wrinkled cheek with streaks of culm besmear'd,
 And heavy burden on her feeble back;
 Their merit or by real usefulness
 Or by internal disposition tried,
 Are better citizens, far, far, than thou,
 Who, lugg'd in rich caparison along,
 Contemptuous, shrinkest from their dreaded touch.

PROSPECT IV.

*Their lot comparatively hard—Reverses to which Fortune is
 incident—Lough Leroon—Mary Queen of Scots.*

——— THEIR rugged destiny and thorny lot
 A tale to thaw the icy cliffs unfold,

And even adamantin flint dissolve
 To softness, sorrow, sympathy, and sighs,
 The toiling rustic plows and sows and reaps
 And sweats and digs—For whom?—Himself?—Ah!—
 Thy idle concubine train, in pagentry
 Retain'd, voracious, to consume the fruits
 Of honest industry and sober worth!
 Perhaps, or worse—The vain and pamper'd floods,
 That drag in haughty pomp their effluential lord,
 Or bear thy leaden weight athwart the chace,
 His meagre water and his sodden meal
 In measur'd beaker smooth'd with niggard hand;
 His coarse distressful black and scanty bread
 By hard severe unpitied labour earn'd;
 His wearied limbs thrown on uneasy couch,
 And slumbers by exhausted nature stol'n,
 Beside his hedge, his mattock, and his spade,
 And bottle emptied of its four contents;
 Soon broken, ah, by rigid signal made
 To re-commence his unremitted task—
 Unceasing—till the leaden-footed Hours,
 Their sluggard pace by heavy plummet sway'd,
 Bring tardy Twilight forth, or fable Night:
 Her mighty car remount with solemn march
 To climb the rolling heaven's sparkling steep,
 And send him, crippling, to his turf-built home.
 A damp, alas, and miserable crib!
 Whose broken casement, and its crumbling walls,

And

And leaky roof, and wet and cushion floor;
 Its rotten lincol, and its creaked door,
 To blustering winds and pouring rains expos'd
 And driving snows, and visitation rude
 Of crawling aap and of the loughsome toad;
 Its forty joints and gaping bath with smoke
 And dirt ingrain'd, or hang with nauseous filth
 By hated spider from his intrails spun;
 His glimmering fire of sticks, or drowsy calan,
 Or ordure, gather'd by his painful wife;
 His musty bed of straw or nasty chaff,
 With tawny rug, instead of blankets, spread;
 His shortened sleep, from morn to morn disturb'd
 Seen as, at peep of day, the wakeful lark
 In vaulted temple of the opening sky
 His dearest matins sings to coming light—
 Disturb'd—by spectral Hunger's dreadful call!
 Behold the grateful mood of all his toil;
 The noble, liberal, generous reward
 Of all the furrows by his limbs sown,
 Of all the ridges by his furrows sown,
 Of all the harvests by his sickle reap'd,
 His brows of sweat, his lean and wither'd hands,
 His youth disabled, and his wasted strength,
 His famish'd visage, and his sunken eyes,
 And shaking joints, and helpless trembling age.

The comforts poorer, all the little ease,
 With friendless poverty, deserted, found,

Reverend

Revolve ; and, melted into tears, compare
 Thy sumptuous viands serv'd in golden plate,
 Thy sprightly wines in liquid chrystal pour'd,
 Thy tinsel'd slaves in gaudy liveries dight,
 Thy pompous palaces, and gilded halls,
 Elysian gardens, and delightful parks :
 Then banish pity from thy stony breast !

O think—amid thy dissipation think
 Of changeful Fortune's insolent caprice,
 Careless faithless, unexpected turns,
 Reverses sad. Inconstant freakish Dame,
 To day she smiles all pleasantness and love,
 Hugging thee, blissful, in her circling arms,
 Thy head laid gently on her heaving breast,
 And hangs with jasmine kisses on thy lips ;
 The next, malignant, scowls, scarce deigns a look,
 With harpy claws, a Fury, tears thy flesh,
 And laughs to see thee plunged in deep distress.
 Thy grandeur, elevation, wealth nathless,
 The pity, by thy ruthless heart denied
 To those in low dependent station born,
 Thou, or thy children, helpless, may implore.

To north, a little way, the Leevin shines,
 A spacious lake, translucent, smooth, and still,
 Of liquid glass *. Along its craggy brink,

D

III.

* Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned in a castle erected in a small
 island of Lough Leevin.

Ill-fated MARY, captive and unthron'd,
 In yonder bleak and star-grown hostile isle,
 Her rocky rounds was wont erewhile to make,
 Whispering, with heavy heart, in broken sighs,
 Her bitter moanings to the muttering strand :
 Yet not unpleas'd beneath another sky
 Clear arch'd and blue, her conscious beauty, still
 Resistless dream'd, at stolen glances thrown
 Within its limpid orb, she fondly eyed,
 Its surface dimpling with her dropping tears.
 Her auburn tresses, and her snowy neck,
 Her eyes effulgent, and her coral lips,
 Her swelling bosom, and her ivory arms,
 Her vaunted lineage, and her regal birth,
 Her golden scepter, her imperial crown,
 Her rare accomplishments,—swail'd her naught.
 From thence, alas, Misfortune's blackest train,
 Their grisly ensign with a lifted axe
 And bleeding block and mangled corpse portrayed,
 With ghastly grins pursued her every step—
 Her forces routed, and dispers'd her friends ;
 Herself dismayed, her lost domains expell'd,
 In prison stern consign'd to fallen guards ;
 For deadly treason, in a foreign realm,
 To judgement brought her, not before her peers ;
 Her fever'd head, convuls'd and streaming, shew'd
 Around a scaffold clotted with her blood ;
 And blasted lillies tore ; and beauty laid,

Alas!

Abus'd and tarnish'd, in a felon grave:

A dread example to her fated sons.——

PROSPECT V.

Dunfermline—Royal palaces in ruins—Charles I. born at that town—His fate—Abbey of Dunfermline—Some of the Kings of Scotland buried in it—Their coronation—Their pomp—Their wars, &c.—Thoughts on the great change in their state.

——Those nodding ruins mark and yawning towers * :
 Their ragged top the pallid wallflower braves,
 And wasting sides the mournful ivy creeps :
 Silence profound their empty spaces holds
 And thoughtful Solitude, save that perhaps
 In midst their secret holes some starling dwells
 Conceal'd, regardless of the piping gale
 That, whistling, blows about her lone abode.
 With stinging nettle, and with clammy burr,
 And baneful hemlock, and with fetid dock,
 And tiny shrubs, and reptiles vile, defiled,
 Their fires extinguish'd, and their chimneys waste,

All

* The ruins of two royal palaces are still seen at Dunfermline. Charles I. was born in one of them.

All desolate and drear, they speak ; and fraught
 With useful lore, ev'n in their rubbish read
 Instructive lessons to the despot crew.
 Hark ! hapless Charles there, in piercing throbs
 And rending cries, bewails his natal hour,
 To thorns and crosses, briars and sorrow born.
 In playful ignorance his infant years
 On downy pinion gliding smooth along,
 By noxious packs of sneaking sycophants,
 Pestiferous and base, of rav'nous maw,
 Continuous set to snap their golden sops,
 Uncontradicted, flatter'd, and indulged ;
 Ah, little thought he, in the morn of life,
 Of Hambden's firmness, of insulted laws,
 The field of Naseby, of triumphant foes,
 Of Bradshaw's majesty, or Cromwell's sword.

That slender pyramid, * erect and tall,
 Which lifts its ancient taper crest so high,
 How light its form ! How gay it looks around,
 Like vanity, pleas'd with itself, enthron'd
 Above the palaces and tombs of kings ;
 Whose royal carcases, forever clos'd
 Within the dumb irremovable house,
 Its ostentatious point, surviving long,

Exulting, in

* The church of Dunfermline is part of an ancient abbey, founded by
 Malcolm Canmore, and finished by his sons Alexander and David. The
 kings of Scotland, after they ceased about the time of its founder to be
 carried for sepulture to Icolmkill, were often buried in that abbey.

Exalting, hath, from reign to reign, beheld
 A food and habitation of the worm,
 Familiar, that, the servile knee disdain'd
 And offer'd hand, invades their princely lips,
 And wantons on their wreck. Their very names,
 Almost forgot, make levity itself
 Grow serious, as, with contemplation big,
 Its fribble trip changed to a pensive gait,
 And looks in studious commerce with the dust,
 It roams, appall'd, the mansions of the dead,
 And, full of gravest thoughts, the place explores
 Where ancient monarchs dwelt, and sleep in peace—
 Till the last trumpet, with its silver sound,
 Awaking, rouse them from their pitchy bed.

Within those cloister'd melancholy aisles,
 In solemn farce, fantastic foppish pomp,
 Imposing awe on tame submissive man,
 Mid wond'ring multitudes and deafning shouts
 Th' astonish'd walls that shook, and fearful reach'd
 The sapphire vault, and rent the radiant sky;
 From holy hands, on suppliant knee, they too
 Receiv'd, devout, their unction and their crowns.
 Their balls and maces, chamberlains and keys,
 And orbs, and titled slaves, and staffs, and swords,
 In proud parade, before them born, superb,
 They strutted, star'd, and monarchised their day—
 Their armies levied, and declar'd their wars,

Their

Their debts contracted, and their battles fought,
 Their truces made, and embassies receiv'd,
 Preferr'd their dances, and their favours gave—
 But see them now—Low, low in dust they lie,
 Their chambers roofless, and their stately halls,
 Abodes erewhile of elegance and pride,
 The pipe, the dance, festivity, and song,
 To weeds abandon'd, and the hoding owl
 That, solitary, screams the hideous night,
 Among their threat'ning stones afraid of sleep.
 The very beggar trampling on their bones,
 Derisive, scoffeth at their brainless pates,
 Their sockets eyeless, and their tongueless mouths,
 Their fleshless snazards, and dis sever'd ribs,
 All intermingled with the putrid loam;
 And by their scatter'd limbs, with vivid force,
 Peculiarly struck, the terror once
 And idols of a warrior realm, expos'd
 And lifeless now, in mortifying guise,
 Kick'd with the foot, and with the shovel jowl'd
 Of loutish knave base-born, perceives a truth,
 A great important truth, clear to the wise,
 Felt by the good, from which the dastard shrinks,
 But stern, asserted by the brave and free.—
 What boot them now their pageantry and state,
 Their robes, attendants, canopies, and guards,
 And all the dull formality of life?

That

That aged sexton, in their story learn'd,
 May figure in his turn, and tell it o'er
 To schoolboy list'ning to the wondrous tale.—

PROSPECT VI.

A flight of rooks—Randolf, governor of Scotland—Ruins of his castle—Falkland, seat of Macduff—Dunnibairfe—The Regent—Observations on the carnage committed by animals on one another, and on the little account seemingly made by Nature of their life.

——But hark, the rooks their rural minstrelsy
 In many a mingling note, symphonious,
 Awake. See, up the midway air, they steer,
 Disorderly, their fable course, in long
 Conduits'd irregular array, from front
 To rear, and flank to flank, a numerous band,
 Of talk and cheerfulness and music full.
 From pecking sober meal of shaken seeds,
 Of berries crude, and slender roots;—perhaps
 Of felon morsels drench'd in Stygian gore,
 And struggling life in agonizing throes* ;—
 Along the stubbles, and along the leas,
 Or glebe new furrowed by the op'ning plough ;

All

1811

* Bala.

All in the freshness of the healthful air,
 Their heavy sight they stretch a length of sky,
 Instinctively, by sweet remembrance, led
 To where in early spring their raptur'd breasts
 The soft endearments prov'd, the pleasing fond
 Solitudes, and tender sentiments,
 Of ties consubstantial and parental love :—
 Those lofty sycamores or alders tall,
 Whose spreading branches in their ample arms
 And covert deep, embosoming, protect
 The happy village or sequestered cot,
 Retired in grateful stillness, whence the smoke
 In spiral wreaths ascends :—Perhaps, that grove
 Of sheltering pines, in rows and angles set
 With rus'd precipices :—Or those sturdy elms
 Dispers'd with easy negligence around
 Thine ancient castle, RANDOLF, gallant Chief,
 Amidst decay and crumbling still rever'd
 In former fame :—Or thine, the loyal Thane,
 MACDUFF, with Birnam wood and Cawdor's crimes,
 In terror-painting scenes and deathless verse,
 Immortalized :—Perhaps, yon pillar'd dome,
 Whose glit'ring windows seem the brightest gold ;
 A Grecian edifice, in justest taste,
 For beauty, greatness, symmetry admir'd,
 And present virtues height'ning other charms ;
 Humanity's hereditary seat,
 And honesty's, and, fair ideals, thine,

Whose lips are harmony, and movements grace,
 And smiles enchant :—Perhaps that splendid pile* ;
 Its cheerful beach the charming bugles crowns,
 The murmuring tide its sacred threshold laves,
 And rev'rend planes defend : With awe behold
 It : There the good, the pious Regent there,
 Abode with Sanctity : The spoiler's dread,
 Stay of the helpless, and the tyrant's scourge ;
 His patriot breast the public weal subdued,
 Like BAVRUS firm, and steel'd, convuls'd, against
 Fraternal fondness and a sister's crimes.—
 But note the stragglers : Or in little troops,
 Or single speeding, ceaseless, they appear
 At intervals.—They still pursue—and still
 In plaintive strains implore their mates to stay.

Mysterious Nature, prodigal of life ;
 Distinctly mindful, yet contemptuous still,
 Of various creatures, which in various forms
 Her powers prolific call, each in its turn,
 Apparently, to taste the privilege
 And sweets of being, oft distributed,
 Alas, with sparing hand ; torments provides,
 Carnage, and shocking death, in shocking shapes
 And horrid sport, for myriads of her sons.
 Engorged and stain'd with murder, wounds, and blood,
 Those fated squadrons, merry-hearted, by

E

Their

* Dunblair, a feat of the Earl of Murray.

Their thoughtless way, direct, to yonder tufts;
 There, waving fearless on the rocking boughs,
 Their heads beneath their jetty wings repos'd,
 Lull'd by the loudness of their evening peal,
 The solemn watches of the silent night
 Their balmy rest to take with trusted Sleep;
 Regardless of the pangs and agony
 The twisted worm or painted insect felt,
 Its offspring's helplessness, its parent's grief,
 Its widow's dolings, and its own laments—

But see; an angel walks across the lawn
 In robe celestial, whiter than the milk
 Of ewe new milked in the folds of Béthe.
 Her maids the Graces be; who, constant, wait,
 Attendant, on her toilet, not to deck
 Her person or in wanton fineries or
 In spangled coat, to beauty needless, but
 In elegant simplicity to clothe;
 Her manners, unaffected, to compose
 To winning modesty and chastest ease,
 With not forbidding dignity combined;
 And over all her features to diffuse
 A chearful air and love-commanding smiles.
 The little Loves about her girdle play,
 Enraptur'd. See, they tremble and desire.
 But steady wisdom in her sober mind
 Its habitation holds and ceaseless watch.

See, Delia, see : Their softest tones assum'd,
 Amusive playing on the mingled wing,
 They flutter, wheel, and hover o'er thy charms,
 Delighted ; sport in many-figur'd dance ;
 And hail thy beauty with their evening song ;
 Their vespers chanting, worshipful, to thee,
 My life ; like me, unwilling to retire,
 Who often tofs, even in a bed of down,
 The sleepless night in anxious thought of thee.—

PROSPECT VII.

Remarkable events which happened on the banks of the Forth
 —The Romans—Cruthin king of the Picts—Vespasian—
 Julius Agricola—Lullius Urbicus—Antonine's Fort—
 Castles and Wall erected by them.

——Along those banks, wet with heroic blood,
 Lo, fields extend, an active stage*, on which
 Relentless man, delirious and bold,
 Hath, cruel, oft displayed his fellest rage,
 Butchering, hyena-like, and worse, his kind.

Glory

* Many events, very remarkable in the history of Scotland, happened along the banks of the Forth, in the fields between Stirling, Falkirk, and Linlithgow.

Glory intoxicates the noble mind,
 And, like a vision, playing on the sight,
 Hurries the brave to court it in the field,
 Mid toils, and death, and stratagems, and war
 That steals the tender heart 'gainst shrieks of pain,
 Hence monarchs dream of conquest and a name,
 The nations rush to arms, and subjects feel
 The madness and ambition of their kings.
 The Roman eagle, hence, his ancient reign,
 Albanian forests and Tiberian cliffs,
 Disdaining, broke with force resistless o'er
 The vast Apennines and th' Hesperian vales
 From farthest Reggio to the poplar'd Po;
 On daring pinion sail'd, sublime, along
 The rugged Alps, in majesty that rear
 Their ice-capt heads aloft into the sky;
 And, soaring to supreme dominion, swept
 Astonish'd Gaul, the Danubian straits,
 And Albion's oak-grown wilds and painted tribes;—
 To heath-clad Cheviot and the silver Tweed;—
 Seeking to range the Desert of the Hills,
 And add even utmost Thule's rocky shores
 To Rome's imperial and wide domains.

Behold,

* Xerxes, Alexander, &c.—*Delirant reges, plebsuntur Achivi.* *Horat.*

† In *Fragments of Gallic poetry* Scotland is termed, not without propriety, the Desert of the Hills.

‡ The Romans built a chain of forts, and afterwards a wall, between the North and the Clyde to defend their provinces against the depredations of the Scots.

Behold, Vespasian * girt in Cruthny's sword,
 Its scabbard purple and its handle gold,
 With nicest work and brilliant gems adorn'd
 In Arran gather'd or on high Carnegorm,
 Ascends the Capitol in Pictish spoil;
 A fabled scepter, and a bare clymore †
 Two-edged and broad, and crown of purest gold,
 In boastful triumph, vain, before him borne.
 And Julius ‡ on the barren Grampians see
 With Attic elegance and Latin force
 Harangue his legions; Galgacus defeat
 With dreadful slaughter, from the field of death
 Retire victorious, and his castles build
 From Glottan Alcluyt to Bodotria's shore.
 Even virtuous Antoninus Pius see,
 The peaceful gentle generous and humane,
 The conquests made by Lollius to insure
 From fort to fort his mighty rampart rear.
 But, curb'd their flagging course, their eagles mark,
 All-shivering, perch on yonder mouldering towers §,
 And eye, with drooping wing and fallen beak,
 Those dreaded mountains and their hardy sons.

PROSPECT

* Boet. II. III.

† A highland broad sword.

‡ Tacit. 12—38.

§ The Romans built a chain of forts, and afterwards a wall, between the Forth and the Clyde to defend their province against the depredations of the Scots.

PROSPECT VIII.

Crathlintb—His greyhound—Origin of the wars between the Scots and the Picts—Draughen, last of the Pictish kings, defeated and slain on the banks of the Tay—Extirpation of the Picts—Kenneth II. crowned at Scone, king both of Pictland and of Scotland—Donald, his brother and successor, taken prisoner by Osbert of Northumberland, restored to liberty, and dethroned by his subjects, puts an end to his own life—Constantine, son of Kenneth, after defeating Hubba and his Danes on the west bank of the Lavin, routed by Hugar and by his army, and put to death in the Devil's cave near Crail—See Boethius and Buchanan.

I

Accurs'd ambition!—Multitude abus'd!

O injur'd Many, insolently term'd

The Mob or Vulgar by the worthless few!

Your lot how hard! From Nippon to the Bog

Deceit, oppression, robb'ry, stripes, and want,

By luckless Fortune doom'd to bear from those,

The guardians chosen and the servants paid

To shield your persons, property, and rights—

Unfaithful—by your tameness erst transform'd,

Presumptuously,

Presumptuously, in evil hour, to lords
And tyrants of your reason, actions, will,
Opinions, pencils, pens, estates, and words.

Man ought, for solid happiness alone,
And real weal (majestic Liberty,
The frowns of Wealth, the fangs of Power that scorn
Secure, and equal unoppressive laws,
Not specious, nominal, impostors mere,
Which rob audacious, and insatiate slay
Mankind, but frugal, certain, just, and clear)
With boldness ought, perceptive, to contend;
But oft, by frenzy-formed views misled
And phantoms vain in baseless vision seen,
Or hideous cries inflam'd, is, shameless, brought,
Instead of uninjurious freedom, full
And fair security, substantial goods,
To waste his treasure, and his blood to spill,
For that the nation's GLOAM named—or worse.

A pretty greyhound see the worthy source
Of murd'rous battles and of butch'rous wars.
Her foot was swifter than the southern gale,
And hair, unmix'd, was whiter than the snow;
Her slender shapes were elegance itself;
In fine proportions all her limbs were form'd;
The darling of her prince, the royal palm
With female softness brush'd her shining skin:

The

The nicest dainties, from the royal board
 In splendid plate, from meal to meal, before
 Her still by servile chamberlains were placed :
 On softest cushion, strewed by royal hands,
 Her weary limbs were at the royal feet,
 Incessant, in the royal presence laid :
 At night, the royal bed to sleep and love
 Receiv'd her, fond, in royal Crathlinth's arms.
 Behold, a Pictish chief the matchless hound,
 Observing, covets, and full-meanly steals.
 His faithful servant and his bosom friend,
 Familiar, from the Scottish monarch torn,
 The thifflly Scots, resentful of his wrongs,
 To them as nothing, instant fly to arms :
 And wars, exterminating wars, succeed
 Between the Scotch and Pictish nations waged
 For centuries, implacable, with rage
 Relentless and unconquerable hate.

II.

A thrilling darkness gathers o'er the sun.
 His clouded visage, faint and mournful, seems
 O'erspread, prophetic, with a fearful gloom.
 See, mantled pools of unoffending gore,
 And blackish, curdle on the reeking ground.
 The stoutest heart shrinks from the prospect dire,
 And heroes, trembling, view the carnage dread.
 Clymores unsheath'd, drawn from the brawny thigh

Of sturdy Scot, on clymores clashing, blaze ;
 Hear ; arrows, winged from the dextrous bow
 Of tartan'd archer, hurtle in the sky.

O guiltless of your Sov'reign's crimes and pride,
 Ye patient vulgar ; by your humble lot
 Remov'd from all accession, every part
 In public councils and in public wrongs,
 Yet doom'd, unheeded, by a cruel fate
 In savage fights and villain quarrels waged
 By despots, who, regardless of your plaints,
 Amid your wretchedness and wants, in dance
 Indulge and music, luxury and waste,
 Insultive thoughtlessly of all your woes ;
 Your persons to expose to massacre
 And fractures, maims, and loss of arms or limbs,
 By which your scanty bread is toilful earn'd !

The Pictish monarch, see, your harmless lives
 To spare humanely studious, peace implores
 On ignominious and conceding terms.
 But mark ; his generous supplications mock'd,
 And war, inevitable war, decreed,
 The royal Drusken welters in his blood.

III.
 Its loaded ridges, and its lusty droves,
 Its grassy pastures, and its fleecy flocks,

Its cooing dovetots, and its fatted fowls,
 Its looms industrious, and its trading towns,
 Its vivid blazes, and its lively coals;
 A genial comfort to the dripping swain
 At eve retreating from his weary toil;
 Fair Otholinia*, rich and fruitful, see,
 In every comfort of a happy life,
 Laid waste and desolate by sword and fire.

Lo, fertile Gowry and the spreading Tay
 Chok'd with the butcher'd, purpled with their blood;
 And harmless Fifts, all o'er the murderous land
 Extirpated, relentless, branch and root:
 Nor age, nor sex, nor sanctuary, nor rank,
 Nor virtue, spared; the ruthless dagger, all,
 Exterminated, taste: Not one is left
 By brutal Kenneth, no, not one, to drop
 A tear upon the ashes of the slain.

IV.

O thou, Creator, Governor, proclaim'd,
 Whose providence is rightly held to watch
 O'er helpless innocence and human race!
 Shall Tyranny and Tyrants ever lord
 It, cruel and relentless, o'er mankind!

The

* An old name of Fife.

The butcher on the fatal marble*, see,
 On sacred mount (in future reign reserv'd
 For coronations, parliaments, and pleas)
 Receives his sceptre, unction, and his crown;
 And Pictland, conquer'd from the Tweed and Esk,
 Obedient, bows and trembles at his nod.

V.

Exult not, ruffian, in thy barbarous seats.
 Behold, avenger of the Pictish wrongs,
 Northumbrian Ospreth and the English come.
 His soldiers slaughter'd, and his taken camp,
 In tears his females, and his people thinn'd,
 His culdees butcher'd, and his country spoil'd,
 Thy brother and successor, captive, see,
 Expos'd to laughter, insult, and contempt,
 On ignominious terms compell'd to peace,
 And cedé thy conquests south the Scottish sea,
 The Roman rampart, and the Frith of Clyde.
 Unhappy Prince! to liberty restored,
 His kingdom, crown, debaucheries, and crimes,
 In prison by indignant subjects cast,

With

* The chair, in which the Scotch kings were crowned in ancient times at Scoon, was imagined by the people to contain the fate of the kingdom. It is reported to have been brought by Simon Brec from Spain to Ireland, from Ireland by Fergus to Argyle, from Argyle by Kenneth to Scoon; was sent by Edward I. to England, is still preserved in the abbey at Westminster, and is used at the coronation of the kings of Great Britain.

With irons loaded, hurled from his throne,
 By consciousness and by himself condemn'd
 To die a felon by his guilty hand.

VI.

With fearful carnage mangled corpes lie
 The swollen Leevin's various banks along.
 By cruel Danes, in showy raiment clad,
 His armies beaten, and dominions waste,
 His temples burn'd, with all their holy men,
 Sprung from thy loins, thy Constantine behold,
 Menaced by traitours, and assail'd by foes,
 By Hungar routed, and in terror fled;
 A refuge seeks, conceal'd, among the rocks,
 Expos'd, unshelter'd, to the waves and wind.
 In vain ! See helpless, dragg'd to yonder cave,
 His trembling flesh with axe ignoble hash'd,
 And poignards, cruel, in his vitals sheath'd,
 Assail him, fallen, with unblushing wounds.——

P R O S P E C T I X.

*Invasion and conquest made by Edward I.—Sir William
 Wallace—Stewart—Grene—Bannockburn—Bruce—The
 Carron.*

——FAR juster motives, WALLACE, wak'd thy soul,
 Kindling within thy breast the gen'rous flame.

A foreign foe had ravaged all the land :
 Thy injur'd country bled from sea to sea :
 Her crimson'd plains had lost their chearful hue ;
 And silent glades, to fabled OSSIAN's tales *
 Vocal no more or sweet MALVINA's song,
 Sadness re-echoed and the voice of woe.
 Those pleasant glens that Doric fountains lave,
 Their native tenants, doleful, all expell'd,
 A desolating soldiery had throng'd,
 With iron scourge suspended o'er their lords ;
 Whose goats their milk, whose flocks their fleeces gave,
 And lofty stags explored their awful woods,
 Whose heaths their herbs, whose pastures yielded grass,
 Bushes their nuts, and gardens rear'd their fruits,
 And labourers toil'd, for masters not their own.
 Their dulcet harps ; whose trembling wires, attun'd
 In sweetest symphony, the wizard caves
 And runic rocks and streamy valleys fill'd
 With seraph airs, that seiz'd the savage kinds,
 And made them, motionless, with aspect mild
 And raptur'd ear, in wonderment, forget
 Their browse ; mute, on their weeping willows, hung,
 The mirthful pipe and sprightly dance forborne,
 The people mourn'd their violated rights,
 Their trampled laws, their independence gone,
 Their virgins ravish'd, and their altars spoil'd. †

Twas

* Gray.

† Boice, Buchanan, Hume.

'Twas then, great WILLIAM, patriot hero, then,
 That thou, fond Caledonia's splendid pride,
 Dauntless, alone, amidst oppression bold,
 Indignant, greatly daredst to assert
 Thy country's cause, and rouse the land to arms.

The Chiefs had fought, but fighting still in vain,
 O'erborne by numbers, by false friends betrayed,
 Had all retired, disdainful, to their homes,
 Hoping, their minds unconquer'd, other suns
 Should yet, propitious shining, shed more soft
 And kindly beams on old MACALPIN's race.
 Last of the Chieftains STEWART sheath'd his sword,
 Far from alarms, in sea-surrounded isle,
 Its coast defended by a faithful band
 Of firm devoted gallant youths, he liv'd,
 Secure and peaceful, midst his fields in Bute
 And all the pleasures of domestic life.
 He kept his sheep, and, studious, mark'd the plants,
 That deck'd the borders of his babbling rills,
 The mildness feeding of his fleecy care,
 Or o'er the cliffs their branching wildness hung.
 His hazels hoar and copses bald among,
 The timid hare, the fawn, and constant * roe,
 That the mild season bounded o'er his heaths,
 From snows, and tempests, dogs, and want, and cold,
 Relief and refuge found; and ev'n the fowls

OF

Of heaven, that, famish'd, ranged with piteous screams
 The foodless chambers of the glacial air,
 Their pinched cores by tearing hunger gnawed,
 In rude inclement weather fed with crumbs
 Strewed by his gentle palm, with gratitude
 Beheld and bless'd their kind and generous lord;
 Beneath whose fostering wing, protected still,
 His happy people till'd their smiling grounds,
 And undisturb'd in peace and safety dwelt,
 Their targets, burnish'd, sleeping in their halls.
 But soon, across the fullen waves conveyed,
 Fair Freedom's voice, and thine, renowned Chief,
 In distant murmurs on his list'ning shores
 Refounded; wrathful:—Patriot voice!—He heard—
 —Resistless call!—and, private cares forgot,
 Around his hills a fiery cross displayed.
 The blood-red blaze seen streaming from his towers,
 His vassals loyal, tenants grateful, all
 His faithful kinsmen, his attached clan,
 With ardor, instant, to his standard flock'd,
 Their swords, vindictive, flaming in their hands.
 With colours flying, and with ferried spears,
 Their silver'd bows about their shoulders slung,
 And painted quivers girdled by their thighs,
 In all the gorgeous blazonry of war,
 His trusty Brandans * came. With burning soul,
 His troops collected, STEWART seized his lance—

* A name given to the militia of the Stewarts, and of Buteshire.

He march'd his men, and left his sweet retreat :—
 —His home, his friends, his wife, his children, left—
 He left—alas—but never to return.
 Along the winding river's ochrey banks,
 Those noble Chiefs, in yonder plain, oppos'd
 Their arms, alone, to haughty EDWARD's hosts.
 The peasant there, driving his team along,
 Still points the ground on which the warriors fought,
 And fondly talks of Bannochburn * and BRUCE,
 Of GRENE †, the Carron, and his country's glory,
 Thinking the feats, that joyful he recounts,
 Reflect a lustre on himself and his.—

PROSPECT X.

*Toy—Battle of Luncarty—Hay of Errol—The Plough—
 Dictator from it.*

—YE fields of glory ! Crowd not on my sight !
 Your splendor dazzles, and your number fills

Distemper'd

* A famous battle was fought near Bannochburn, at which the Scotch
 army was commanded by Robert I. of Scotland, commonly called Robert
 the Bruce.

† Sir John Grene was killed in a battle fought near Falkirk, on the
 banks of the Carron, at which Sir William Wallace of Ellersy and Sir
 John Stewart of Dute commanded.—Buchanan, Hume.

Distemper'd fancy with chimeras dire
Of laurels, pageants, lustre, bleeding heaths,
And brilliant victories, and butcher'd men.

The noble Tay, see, flows with Danish blood *.
Hail, gallant HAY ! who, and thy valiant sons,
With hasty weapons arm'd, their simple yokes †,
From flight and shame at Luncarty redeem'd
The vigorous KENNETH and his stagger'd Scots.

O sacred plough ! O glorious weapon ! hail,
Thou precious gift of heaven ! O useful art !
Prime source of plenty, innocence and health !
More rightfully proclaim'd divine ‡ than crowns
Full-daringly usurp'd and fiercely worn
In folly, pride, extravagance, and vice,
By ruffian monsters ||, who, for barbarous sport,
In wanton wars and cruel battles slay
Their hundreds, thousands, myriads of mankind.
In purest times of Roman virtue call'd
From rustic labour on the grateful earth,

G

The

* Buchanan, VI. 32. 33.

† An improper word, but the term commonly used by the Scotch historians.

‡ Bacon de Augment. Scient. I. 27.

|| Caesar—Caligula—Heliogabalus—Tamerlane—Robespierre, &c. It is evident that the only crowns here intended are those which are both acquired by usurpation, worn by persons of the character, and employed to the purposes described in the verses.

The great Dictator cross the Tiber came
 In home-spun tunic soil'd with dust and age,
 Assum'd his axe; the Sabine trenches storm'd;
 The Equi routed in the open field;
 The Roman camp, with famine press'd, reliev'd;
 In pompous triumph, like an empty dole,
 Demean'd his wisdom to a childish show;
 And full of honour, but regardless still,
 With independent dignity return'd
 In speed, magnanimous, to rural toil,
 The Quintian meadows and his humble cot.
 Hail, Delmacoing*! Thane of Errol, hail.——

PROSPECT XI.

*Highlands—The Spey—Carnegie—Its firs—Its game—
 Schellien—Observations made on it by Dr Magnus in
 confirmation of Sir Isaac Newton's theory of gravity—
 Highlanders—Bards.*

L——MOUNTAINS on mountains, rising without end,
 Stupendous fabrics, stretch o'er all the north,
 Their tops, like tents, encamp'd in dread array;

A curious spectacle to wight unfledged,
In laughing youth who treads, his spirits light,
The polish'd level wash'd by learned Cam,
Those sacred groves and academic walks,
That BACON, MILTON, NEWTON, ASHLEY trod
In studious search. Their masses ponderous,
The tempests mocking and the thunders loud
In fire and wrath that roll'd around their cliffs,
Have stood, immovable, for ages past,
Unknown to change amid revolving years ;
And oft, august in state, survived the feuds,
The fame, and houses of their doughty lords.

But hark! A distant murmur on my ear,
Delighted, breaks.—I hear—or Fancy dreams,
And visions see—transported—and misled
By fond remembrance of connected days,
And pleasures by similitude recall'd,
Affection, and vicinity to thought.

In stony bed, his clannish strath * along,
The boisterous Spey his roaring torrent drives
By brown Carrigorm; whose feet with native pine
Are, ever-during, girt; his frozen head
Is sprinkled, early, with autumnal snow;
And crumbled rocks are strewed with brilliant gems,

• **Spey**, a district named from a river which runs through it. **E. g.**
Speyberg, the country through which the Spey runs.

Whose brightness, sparkling in **ALTIRA's** hair,
 Or, blissful, on her panting bosom hung,
 The topaz envies not of citron tint,
 In circlet bound about **Circassian** neck.

On steep **Schehallien's*** **astronomic** heights,
 In fordid booth, by **Science** render'd chear,
 Observant **MASKELINE**, four patient months
 From **London's** greatness and from **Greenwich** park
 Retired, by nice experiments confirm'd
 Attraction's energy and **NEWTON's** laws,
 Distinct and simple; whose compounded force,
 Centrifugal, continually oppos'd
 In every instant by a transverse power,
 Centripetal, (that at right angles acts,
 And from the tangent, rectilinear, draws,
 Incessant, tow'rd the central lamp, globose,
 Of glorious light,) the planetary spheres
 And movements numerous restrains, amid
 Inconstancies perplex'd, to steady rule;
 And ev'n the wand'ring comet checks in all
 His boldest flights, excursive and unseen,
 Through empty and unfathomable space.

But who can tell their number or their names?
 The **Russ** or **Swede** should sooner count the bears

And

* **Pringle's** Discourses.

And rocks that form their solitary reign;
Or princely Windsor tell the stately oaks,
Beheld, majestic, from her royal brow.

The billows, countless, in succession float
Upon the waving surface of the main,
Perpetual. Lo, on ridges ridges, peaks
On peaks, ascend, innumerable and proud,
Farther than eye, with Galilean tube
By MUDGE * improv'd, can, unassisted, pierce.

II.

——AMID those rude incult and dreary wilds,

The tartan-cinctur'd Caledonians dwell;
A rough, a brawny, incorrupted race,
By hardships tutor'd, blood, and dreadful things †;
Whose fathers, used to toils, and to be crown'd
With glory in the field, have left their names,
Renown, and arms, and valour, to their sons.
Of hunger patient and the winter's storms,
Under the open canopy of heaven,
That, ample, hangs sublime in air, they liv'd
Robust, and scornful at the bitter blasts
By surly Boreas blown; their food the game
Their deserts bred, and dogs or arrows flew;
The brooks their bev'rage, and the heaths their bed.

Nature,

* Pringle's Discourses.

† Trepidus in rebus. Hor.

Nature, in every age and every clime,
 Is Nature still : Their breasts with honour fired,
 Each to his Chief, his tribe, himself was true,
 And noble passions led to noble deeds.
 From windy Morven's unfrequented shores,
 To Mantua's vineyards and the Tiber's streams *,
 Their mighty feats see wasted now to fame
 On checker'd minstrel's pipe and sounding lays ;
 Whose artless concords melt the fiercest breast
 Of ounce, of bear, of tyger, or of pard,
 And ev'n the bristly firs of Cona rend
 With tearful passages of fainthearted love,
 Of kindest manners, and of generous fight.
 By tyrants fell and superstition dire,
 The Muses, banish'd from their first lov'd haunts,
 Their Grecian fountains and Italian vales,
 Thessalian Tempe and Campania's bay,
 Found in these bosky glens a safe retreat.
 Delightful mansions ! Ravishing abodes !
 Enchanting scenes ! Retreats divine ! adorn'd
 With all that herbage, all that water, all
 That wildness gives, magnificent or sweet !
 Within your cool sequestered shady gloom,
 Along the talking torrent's odorous banks
 By hirc-grown precipices huge o'erhung,
 Old hoary bards were wont erewhile to stray ;
 Converse with Nature, awful and retired

Amid

Amid her rocks, her caverns, and cascades;
 And, musing, meditate their simple song
 To virtue sacred and the martial deeds
 Atchiev'd by ancient Caledonia's sons.——

PROSPECT XII.

*The Country situated towards the south—The borders—State
 of the People who lived on them before the Union—Edward
 I. and David II. who aimed at contracting one—Its bene-
 ficial consequences.*

——To rugged Grampian*, mountainous and bare,
 His fullen temples hung with misty gloom,
 The spacious South a pleasing contrast forms,
 And seems a boundless plain; but wants not yet
 Its lower hills, by Nature interspers'd
 With careless hand, that from their distance look
 No more than easy waves and gentle slopes,
 Without the stiffness, sharpnesses, and lines
 Of formal angular pedantic art.
 Approach'd, frugiferous, to hotter suns,
 Its cultures, rich and variegated, glow,
 O'er many a fertile county widely spread,

With

* A name of the Grampians.

With fair embellishments derived from just
 Improvements, by substantial labour made
 Judiciously and skilful husbandry,
 Nor mark'd by whim, nor wasteful of expence,
 But aim'd with well-directed point to warm
 And meliorate and fertilize the soil
 By hedges, alternation, drains, manure,
 And every mode that sage experience proves
 Promotive chiefly of luxuriant crops.

Heard ye the trumpet's voice, the clash of arms,
 The noise of battle, and the victor's shouts?
 See cattle driving, houses burning, corns
 On fire, and people flying, woods in flames,
 The border terror and confusion all.
 Each party by his feudal captain led,
 Or public troops in regular array
 Embodied duly by the sovereign will,
 Or private plunderers in lawless bands
 Predonious, and on thievish plans, advance,
 An ireful fierceness on their savage brows.
 Hark, the shrieks that rend the air! Swords unsheath'd,
 And scabbards empty, tartan plaids, and brogues
 Forsaken, woolen bonnets, cumbrous coats,
 And mangled corpes strew the fighting ground.

Ye bleeding ghosts, to necromantic lamp
 Arising, stalk not, hideous, in my sight!
 Ye barbarous times, begone! Ye boisterous men!

Return

Return not to my retrospective view !
 Ye Maxwells, Johnstons, Arnstrongs, Jardines, Scots,
 Humes, Hepburns, Piercies, Douglasses, and Carres,
 Avunt ! My aking bowels tear not ; No.—
 They fly, evanishing : And gentle Peace,
 A sprig of olive holding in her hand,
 Succeeds ; the laws, the plough, the spade, the loom,
 A sail, the cap of Liberty, and horn
 Of Plenty, emblematic, each in pomp
 Progressive by a puissant baron born,
 Behind her slowly at a distance move.

From rash conceptions and imperfect views
 Of objects, pleasures, causes, and effects,
 By an imposing brilliance dazzl'd, man
 Deceitful tinsel takes for solid gold,
 Parisian baubles for Golconda's gems.
 Ye Edwards, Davids, statesmen, princes, hail !
 The Union, in an early age by you
 Perhaps from large, perhaps ambitious views
 Projected wisely for the public weal,
 With keenness long oppos'd from vain conceits
 About imperial independent crowns
 And nations, jargon mere and words, behold
 At last accomplish'd in a female reign.

Ye genuine kings of Britain, hail ! By Laws,
 By Contracts, and by Revolutions made

Or rais'd to rule, and limited, and bound.
 Ye vaunt not tyrants of despotic power.
 Deliver'd haply from that tempting snare,
 Ye boast yourselves the guardians of the rights,
 The franchises and liberties of men ;
 Obliged, like other subjects of the state,
 To execute and to obey decrees
 Enacted freely by the general will.
 The people, conscious of their majesty
 And claims inherent, listen to your speech,
 And hear with grateful joy your voice proclaim,
 " Go, yoke your bullocks, go, and sow your farms,
 Your harvests gather, and your fences raise,
 Your cattle pasture, and your fleeces shear,
 Your gardens cultivate, ingraft your plums * ;
 Go, fearless, milk your kine, and fold your ewes.
 Their enmities and depredations ceas'd,
 The hostile nations now concordant live,
 And peasants on the adverse borders dwell
 In perfect friendship and in peace entire.
 Instead of Halidons by guiltless blood
 Infamed, and Flowdens drench'd in noble gore,
 The strengths, along the straggling marches built,
 Now useless grown, are moulder'd to decay.
 Their crops and barns from theft and fire secure,
 Instead of desolate and naked wastes
 Inhabited by spoilers and by thieves,
 Whose lives, ferocious, rapine were, observe

The

* Virgil. Ec. 1. 74.

The people civilized, with patient step,
 Industrious, exercise the skilful plough ;
 And finest husbandry, and richest grounds,
 With plumpest wheat and choicest barley clothed.
 Even rooted prejudices see proscribed,
 And, borrowing, each from each improvements learn.
 The fields with various clovers are attired ;
 In ample breaks the ruffet fallow lies ;
 And even in hoary winter's piercing cell
 The wrinkled earth looks gay with verdant crops.
 Come, Cheviot, Hadden, Hartfell, Cruffel, come ;
 Ye men of Annan, Teviot, Esk, and Twee !,
 With minds at ease, your labours o'er, awake
 The pipe, awake the dance, and undisturb'd,
 To rest retired, enjoy a blest'd repose.
 Your flocks their mountains, unmolested, range,
 And herds their meads, secure of quiet, stray.——

PROSPECT XIII.

*Walks with a friend—Water of Leith—River of Eden—
 Wild flowers—Almon—Tine—Gala—Esk—Youthful a-
 musements—Blackford Hill—A Cave—Mountain-ash—
 Braid's-Burn—Power of Beauty—Balcarres—Saulin—
 Benarty—A Shepherd—Conclusion.*

——FULL to my thought recalls
 The seasons past, and thee, my absent Friend,

Late

Late the companion of my leisure hours,
 With whom, exhausted by austerer toils,
 I oft have ranged in quest of scenes like this.

Oft have we wander'd, arm in arm, unseen,
 Through fields and woods, and by the willow brink
 Of winding Eden and of pearly Leith,
 Tracing the devious walk with vacant mind;
 Along the shelving bank of crystal stream
 With many a love-sick primrose strewed, and wood
 Anemone the bleeding head that hung;
 Whose soothing murmurs, o'er their pebbly beds
 Warbled to the mixing dance and ceaseless hum,
 Of insects swarming in the summer's blaze,
 Innumerable, to meditations loose
 And floating dreams by sportful Fancy dress'd
 In magic shapes, invited at the heat
 Of sultry noon, beneath the umbrage brown
 Of spreading beeches and of rev'rend elms,
 Whose ample foliage crown'd the flow'ry bank.

Oft have we trod the many-painted lawn
 With velvet pansies, and with purple thyme,
 And freckled cowslips, and with harebells blue,
 And daisies white, and gentle birdsfoot, deck'd,
 With specious loosestrife, and sweet violet.
 Oft, careless, roam'd 'mong briars and birch and beans
 Perfum'd with recent rain, in meadows trim,

Mid haycocks fresh from mower's scythe, and where
The fragrant charloes cloth'd the yellow plains,
Inhaling draughts of aromatic air.

Oft by the wayward margin have we sat
Of storied Almon, and of alder'd Time,
Of elvish Gala, and of dryad Esk,
And, reminiscent, times long gone recall'd,
Our plays re-played, and re-enjoyed our joys:
The little ride obtain'd in passing cart;
The valiant cap of grandest rushes rear'd;
The mimic fabric built of shapeless stones;
The clustering nuts from loaded filberts pull'd,
And cooling berries gather'd in the woods;
The climbed tree, and airy station dar'd
Aloft and hid among its yielding boughs;
The nest ingenious fought, alas, and found,
And mother wailing for her callow young;
The hook attempted by the little hand,
And scanty handful added to the sheaf;
The spotted trout caught with the guileful fly,
And greyhound, fleet, hallooed in eager chase.

Oft have we, ardent, climb'd yon verdant hill*,
And made the harmless lambs, that sportive frisk'd
In frolic play upon the tender grass,

Their

* Blackford near Edinburgh.

Their pretty pranks left off at our approach,
 Fearful, haste, bleating, to their anxious dams ;
 And, as with scrambling pace, the sever'd stones
 That, rapid, sped adown its steepy side,
 Our labouring course we bent, the ancient goats,
 Their shaggy vestments and dishevell'd hair
 And beards dependent streaming in the air,
 Grotesque, but rev'rend, fled, surprized, their way ;
 And many a race and many a bound they took,
 Till, up the heights escap'd, and safe from us,
 They wheel'd, and curious, from the shrub-grown brow,
 Half-seen, they gazed, conferr'd, examin'd, ran,
 And turn'd, and star'd, and wonder'd who we were.
 Ourselves the while, the spiny flocks among
 And flowering gorse, fatigued and panting, wound
 From steep to steep our toilsome trackless march,
 To gain the highest point, the whence our eyes,
 Fed with the sight, might view the country round.

Oft have we also, with a hasty step
 Descending down the vale, approach'd the cave *
 Form'd by the shepherd's rude and artless hand
 To yield a shelter to his yearning cows ;
 On rustic seat reclined our listless limbs
 Beneath the checker'd shade of mountain-ash,
 Whose verdurous head, with many a florid bunch

* At the foot of Blackford.

Of tempting berries richly garnish'd, o'er
 The druid grot its gaudy honours waved
 In all the beauty of its coral fruit ;
 Or laid our weary lengths along the turf,
 The curling brakes among, and foxglove vain
 That showed, delightful, its vermilion bells ;
 And, pleas'd in friendship's tie, tranquilly gazed
 On the tall ash, that half way up the steep
 Looks, pendent, o'er the brook * that flows beneath ;
 Or—talk'd in transport of my DELIA's charms.

Soft flame ! but how intense ! all-conquering Power !
 Diffusive of the sweetest visions o'er
 The heated fancy and the melted heart :
 Each animated nature bows, O Love,
 To thee, submissive, and resistless owns
 Thy sway. For thy, thy elegant delights,
 Regardless of renown, the soldier doffs
 His arms, and, unpermitted, steals from camp,
 In Paphian grot, a momentary joy,
 Conceal'd :—At thy command the statesman proud,
 Imperious justly to his venal tools,
 A slave, prostrate, becomes, and blissful, mocks
 In scorn his power, celebrity, and courts :—
 In Cyprian bower, with-mantling myrtle bound,
 The king, right-glad, foregoes his ermin'd robe,

And,

* Between Blackford hill and Braid hill.

And, suppliant, falls on bended knee, exchanged,
 At Chloe's feet, pressing to glowing lips
 The lilly hand :—Even gripping miser parts
 With gold, possessions, prospects—all for love ;—
 And bard, with trembling hand and faltering voice,
 Adores his Delia, and renounces bread.

My lovely Delia ! Empress of my heart !
 Fairer than blossom shed, in elegance
 And May, by hawthorn on Balcarres's crag ;
 Fresher than living fountains, from the rocks
 That gush of Saulin ; blooming as Aurora
 In all her splendor rising in the east ;
 Than honey sweeter which the little bee,
 Industrious, gathers on Benarty hill ;
 And more ingenuous than the blushing rose,
 Whose op'ning bud breathes incense to the Morn. *
 But who can speak her charms, ineffable
 To painter's pencil and to poet's pen ?
 Exhaustless, grateful, ever-pleasing theme !
 On which, untired, my tongue rejoiced to dwell.
 Alas, those happy moments now are gone—
 My Delia gone !—perhaps forever gone ;—
 And with her all the fondly-cherish'd hopes,
 The pleasing dreams, of 'amaranthine bowers,

OF

*——Thyus mihi dulcis Hybla,

Candidior cygnis, edera formosior alba. Virg. Ec. 7.—Pastor Fido, At. 1.
 ss. 1. 2.

Of beds of roses, and elysian days,
 Ah, that, faithless, never were to shine :—
 All, all, forever gone.—And thou, my Friend,
 My stay, my comforter, whose balmy speech,
 Like dew, distill'd a softness o'er my griefs,
 And trickling tears, down thy cheeks that stole,
 Reliev'd and sooth'd by sharing in my pains ;
 Thou, too, art gone ;—perhaps forever gone—
 The dear companion of my youthful joys !
 Who knows but death, or fate inexorable,
 That mocks unfeelingly at human woe,
 Hath made our late, our last and long farewell.
 Perhaps, thy mangled corpse, in wat'ry grave
 Inslav'd, is cast, inanimate, a prey
 To fiercest monsters of the rav'nous deep.
 Perhaps, thy country's wrongs, thy sov'reign's will,
 The charm of liberty, and honour's call,
 Thy noble spirit urging, unsustain'd,
 Mid thickest ranks of Britain's foes, in wounds
 To meet a glorious, but lamented end,
 Have stretch'd thee, lifeless, on the bleeding earth.
 Perhaps, in far inhospitable clime
 The damps nocturnal and the raging suns
 Have, vertical, consum'd thy boiling blood ;
 And weeping friends shall never see thee more.
 The heart-affecting thought distracts my soul,
 And robs the prospect, now before me spread,

Of more than half its charms. Yon simple swain,
 With woollen bonnet on his towzy head
 And checker'd plaid athwart his shoulders flung,
 Who, thoughtless, near me tends his master's sheep,
 And knits on nimble wire his worsted hose,
 Right gladfame to deceive the tedious hours,
 His well-thumb'd book of giant stories full
 And crook laid by him on the nibbled turf,
 (He chides the little shaver of his task
 That shrilly sounds at me) hardly perceives
 The beauties that surround him. Thou, my Friend,
 Hadst thou been here, corruptur'd, shouldst have felt
 The utmost joy those beauties can convey.
 In silent extacy devouring, him,
 The glorious spectacle, so wondrous fair,
 Thou wouldst, intranced, have mark'd a thousand things,
 Which, unobserv'd, escape the vulgar eye;
 And then, in just discourse, by Nature taught,
 Almost unconscious of thy finer taste,
 Have unassuming pointed them to me.

THE END.

